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AMES' SERIES OF
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.
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NO. 151.

Wanted A Husband.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS
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AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL
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 Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 

WANTED A HUSBAND.

A DUTCH SKETCH,

IN ONE SCENE,

—BY—

F. L. CUTLER,

AUTHOR OF

Hans, the Dutch J. P.; Lost, or the Fruits of the Glass; Lodgings for Two; That Boy Sam; The Sham Professor; Old Pompey, Cuff's Luck; Happy Frank's Song and Joke Book, &c.

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A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

PS 635
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WANTED A HUSBAND.

--o--

Cast of Characters as first produced at Modale, Iowa, Jan. 10
1882.

Mrs. Blodget,.....(*a widow*)..... Mrs. Lizzie Cutler.

Chris,.....(*her servant*)..... F. L. Cutler.

Jerry Collyer,.....(*an old lover*)..... H. Rawlings.

|
—
|

Costumes suitable for the Characters.

|
—
|

PROPERTIES.

Table, chair, spectacles for Jerry, stuffed club for Mrs.
Blodget.

|
—
|

Scene—Neat Interior.

—|—

Time of performance—Fifteen minutes.

(30)

TMP92-009020

Wanted a Husband.

Scene—Neat cottage—Chris discovered on stage sweeping or dusting furniture.

Chris. Vell, py gracious, I don'd know vot to make oud uf dot peesiness, mine mistress she vants do marry, und I don'd like dot, 'cos uf she don'd find somepody purty gwick, vot she wants, first ding you know she vill be vantin' do marry me, und I wouldn't like dot, cos dhere vos dot liddle ghal pack in Shermanny, vot I vant do marry some dime ven I go pack dhere. But I dold you dhere vos goot dimes agoin' on in dis house 'pout now. Mine mistress she advertise in dhe bapers for a husband, und goot gracious—*(laughs)*—she got blendy men come here efery day—den or fifteen all kinds uf men—olt men, young men, big men, leedle men, Irish men, Yankees, Americans, und all oder kinds of men. First 'dhere don'd any uf dem seem to suit—mine mistress vas do particular. *(knock)* Dhere, 'ust listen do dot. I bet you half dollar dhere vos anoder feller afder dhe vidow. *(knock)* Dot feller vos a gittin' mat. *(knock)* Maype better I go down; dot feller knock de door down. *(exit, R.)*

Enter Mrs. Blodget, L.

Mrs B. Oh, dear, was ever anyone so tormented. I put that advertisement in the Herald more for amusement than anything else, and for the last three days I've had the life worried out of me with applicants for my hand in marriage. And such applicants! Why I would actually rather wed my servant, Chris, than any man that has been here yet, and goodness knows I wouldn't marry him—

WANTED A HUSBAND.

Enter Chris, R.

—If he was the last man on earth.

Chris. (*coming forward*) Py gracious, I vos glad uf dot.

Mrs B. (*starts*) Glad of what?

Chris. You sait dot vos dhe last feller, und dot makes me glad.

Mrs B. The last fellow! What do you mean?

Chris. I mean dot feller vot I got down in dhe hall.

Mrs B. What, another man? How provoking! I am reaping the fruits of my folly.

Chris. Dots vots dhe matter. Dot feller vot I got down dhere looks like he'd been reaped before he vos quite ripe!

Mrs B. Ha! ha! Good for you, Chris. Well, I might as well see him and be done with it. But what kind of a looking man is he, Chris?

Chris. Vell, he vas apout so wide. (*illustrates*) Und apout so high. (*illustrates*)

Mrs B. Then he is a short (or tall) man. I always admired short men. The first lover I ever had was a short man.

Chris. Me do. Und dis feller vares his hair short (or long) dco.

Mrs B. And so did my adored Jerry. (*studies*)

Chris. Vell, vot ve goin' to do mit him?

Mrs B. True, I had forgotten him entirely. See here, Chris, if this fellow down stairs acts anything like that man that was here yesterday, I shall want your assistance in ejecting him from the premises.

Chris. I vill be right dhere, you bade you.

Mrs B. Now we might as well have an understanding. Now if I want you to put him out I will slap you on the back this way. (*illustrates*) And I shall expect you to be prompt, and throw him out of the house without hesitation. Do you understand?

Chris. Yah! Yah! I fersthay you. Bed you I vill make him valk off his ear dhe house oud. (*starts off, R., comes back, to Mrs. Blodget*) Say, better you slap me on dhe pack now, und let me go for him.

Mrs B. No, no! Not now. He may be a gentleman, who knows. Bring him up at once. (*exit Chris, R.*) I don't know why it is, but the description Chris gave me of this man has put me to thinking of my old lover, Jerry Collyer. I wonder what ever became of him. (*sits*) We were engaged to be married, but we had a lover's quarrel and I gave him back his ring, and before my anger subsided Mr. Blodget proposed and was accepted, and the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," has been a true one in my case. But Jerry was more to blame than I was, and if it hadn't been for his Eng-

ish stubbornness I might have been his wife in place of Blodgets. To be sure, Jerry dropped his "h's" rather promiscuously. But there are worse men in the world than Jerry, but if alive he has probably, like myself, changed for the worse. (*introduce the song, "Bother the Men," if wished*)

Chris. (*outside*) Right dis vay, sir. (*crash*) Look oud dhere. Dunder und blitzen, vot you mean. First dings you know you fall ofer somedings und proke mine neck.

Enter, Chris, R., followed by Jerry.

Here vos dot feller, Mrs. Blodget. Dis vas Mr—— Mr—— (*runs to Jerry*) Vot's dot name.

Jerry. Collyer.

Chris. Mr. Collicker. Mr. Crockery, Vare Mrs. Blodget.

(*Mrs. Blodget bows, then Jerry, then Chris*)

Mrs B. A pleasant evening, Mr——. Pardon me, I did not catch the name.

Chris. Me doo.

Jerry. Collyer, mum; Jerry Collyer!

Mrs B. Collyer! Good heavens! (*looks at him closely*) Can it be—(*goes L. F.*)—possible. I could tell better could I see his eyes. Why does he keep on those horrid glasses? It must be him; but if it is it is strange he don't recognize me. (*comes C.*) Chris, you may retire.

Chris. Vot, ven I 'ain'd shleepy?

Mrs B. Do you hear me, sir! (*stamps her foot*)

Chris. Yah, I could hear you a mile. (*exit Chris*)

Jerry. (*aside*) Them's 'er melodious voice. It am Matilda, jes' as I thought.

Mrs B. (*aside*) The stupid idiot!

Jerry. Did 'e speak to me, mum?

Mrs B. I was speaking of my servant, Chris. (*aside*) I wish he'd take off those glasses.

Jerry. Oh! hexcuse me, mum.

Mrs B. O, certainly. But might I be informed of the object of your visit.

Jerry. Oh, certainly, mum.

Enter Chris, R.

Chris. Mine goodness gracious, you vill have to hurry oop mit dis feller, I got dwo more down stairs a waitin' now, und von uf dem vas dhe longest feller vot you don'd nefer see in all my life, py gracious. Vay oop dhere. (*illustrates*)

Mrs B. (*leads Chris L. F.*) You go back and tell these gentlemen they are too late. Understand?

Chris. Yah, I fersthay. (*looks at Jerry*) Say, dhere's vone uf dem fellers down dhere vos a goot deal petter lookin'

feller dan dot von. I'll go and bring him oop. (*starts off, R.*

Mrs B. Chris! (*louder*) Chris!

Jerry. (*aside*) Them's 'er. Them's Matilda.

Mrs B. Chris, do as I told you! (*exit Chris*) I hope you will excuse the interruption.

Jerry. Certingly, mum! Your hexcusible, mum!

Mrs B. Would you be so kind as to state the object of your visit. (*aside*) Oh! I'm all in a flutter!

Jerry. Certingly, mum. A few days ago I says to myself, Jerry, me boy, hits time you were a gettin' married; hand then hi haccidently took hup a copy of the People's 'Erald, hand hi seed your hadvertisement; so I says, Jerry me boy, there's a woman for ye with a 'ead hon 'er like a Napoleon; so hi says, Jerry me boy, you better make "Ay while 'e pitch is 'ot," so to hexecute was to do. So 'ere hi is—(*kneels*)—hon my bended knees, ready to hoffer you me 'and hand me 'eart.

Mrs B. Good gracious, get up. (*Jerry rises*) Is it possible you don't recognize me, Jerry!

Jerry. Can hit be? No! Yes it must be my Matilda.

(*holds out both hands*)

Enter Chris, R.

Mrs B. It is! It is! (*throws herself in his arms*)

Chris. Vell py gracious!

Mrs B. (*starting back*) Chris, you leave the room. (*exit, Chris, R.*) Jerry, what mean those horrid glasses, I scarcely knew you.

Jerry. Hit was a joke, hi wanted to see as whether you'd know me. (*takes off glasses and lays them on the table*)

Mrs B. Come, my dear, let us retire to the sitting room, where we will not have so many interruptions. (*exit both, L.*)

Enter Chris, R.

Chris. Say, I don'd know vot to do mit dem fellers down stairs. Dhere was anuder von 'ust come. (*looks around astonished*) Why, vhere dhe dickens vos dhe missus und dot under feller. (*studies*) Maype he gommit man-slaughter und run off mit her. Hello! By gracious, he loose him somedings. (*puts on glasses then lays them down again*) Dhere vas somedings oop. I dinks I would like do put a head off dot feller. Why dhe dickens didn't dhe missus shlap me on dhe pack like she dold me she vos goin' to.

Enter Mrs. Blodget, L.

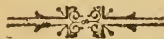
Mrs B. (*looks about*) I dropped my handkerchief. (*dis-*

covers Chris) Oh! Chris, I'm so happy! I'm so happy!
(*slaps him playfully on the back, then exits L.*)

Chris. Donner! She sh-lapped me on dhe pack dot dime sure. (*works up his muscles*) Where vos dot feller; uf I don'd break him in dwo pieces my name 'ain't Chris Switzer. (*looks L., runs to entrance*) Goot gracious, vot's a goin' on oud dhere. He's got his arm right around her vaist, und she vas a dryin' to choke him loose. (*looks*) Here! Here! Don'd you bite her. (*runs off L.,—noise—comes back dragging Jerry by the collar—throws Jerry on floor*) You bite her, vill you, you glass-eyed loafer. (*Mrs. Blodget appears L.—screams, runs off, L.—Jerry gets up, Chris gets his head under his arm—pounds him.*)

Enter Mrs. Blodget, with stuffed club—pounds Chris, then

QUICK CURTAIN.



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SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

- ACT 1st.** Home of Farmer Dalton. "don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumpter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog." The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting for ever." "Country first and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "poys" that he understands military business. Enlisting. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband, must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please, mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.
- ACT 2nd.** Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. "Tenting on the old camp ground." Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. "A spy." "Do your worst, you cowardly traitor." Pete makes himself useful. "No chance of life." Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front, McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. "I must at once ascertain the cause." The rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."
- ACT 3d.** Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.
- ACT 4th.** Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for the want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.
- ACT 5th.** Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of insanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh, brother, don't you know me? I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.
- ACT 6th.** News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones. Bummer's march, and beautiful tableau.

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